

TO GO EAST.

The Order of Railway Conductors

To Leave for the East May 7th.

Terrible Accident to Ensign Williams

OF THE CRUISER OLYMPIA YESTERDAY, WHILE DROPPING THE ANCHOR.

A Terrible Accident.

Ensign Walleson, of the U. S. Cruiser Olympia, met with a terrible accident yesterday on board that vessel. The ship had just got inside of the heads from her Southern cruise and as the anchor was being let go off Saucelito the cable came unshackled, and the great chain, running out of the hawse-pipe, struck Mr. Walleson on the right leg below the knee, mangling the limb in a horrible manner.

The injured officer was conveyed to the ship's hospital and the leg amputated at the knee. He will be taken to the Hospital at Mare Island and if he recovers will be placed on the retired list.

The Conductors' Trip East.

A special train will leave the mole on the 7th of May, filled with train conductors and their families, for the East. They will be joined on the way by conductors at various points so that the party when it gets to Ogden will number nearly a hundred persons.

The matter is being arranged by Harry Hubbard, J. B. Locke, John F. Massey and T. E. Mare.

Stops will be made at Salt Lake, Denver, Fort Wayne, Dallas, New Orleans, two days at Atlanta to attend the grand convention of the Order of Railway Conductors, thence to Memphis, Chattanooga, Richmond and Washington. From the latter place they will go to New York, stopping at various places on the way.

The party will be away four weeks and return by the way of Portland.

Laid to Rest.

The funeral services over the body of the late Abraham Powell were conducted yesterday in the asylum of California Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar, in Masonic Temple. The room was crowded with relatives and friends. Rev. Edwin B. Church, the prelate of the Commandery, officiated and responses were given by the assembled Sir Knights. The service at the grave in Masonic Cemetery were very simple.

Large quantities of flowers and several beautiful floral pieces donated by friends were placed about the coffin.

Will be Opposition.

A FEW days ago when it was announced that the steamer Farallon, which had been running between San Francisco and Puget Sound had been sold and taken off the run, it caused a great deal of consternation among the business houses of San Francisco for it meant a loss of trade to them if the old freight rates were restored. Since the opposition was put on and the freight rates were reduced a large trade has sprung up between the

northern ports and San Francisco. The opposition is still alive, however, and the sale of the Farallon was made because the vessel was too small to handle freight and the passengers and also because the vessel was slow. Meyer & Ackerman, who have been running the opposition, have secured a large and swift ocean liner to take the place of the Farallon and will fight Goodall, Perkins & Co. all the harder. This will be good news to a large number of people who are intending to take advantage of the cheap rates and visit the northern parts during the summer.

She Too Was Sorry.

The following was handed into the GAZETTE office Saturday afternoon by a young lady who said she would be pleased if we would publish the same. We don't know who it hits but here goes:

The pompous, want-the-earth-gentleman from an Eastern city was stopping for a day or two on business in a town not far from Berkeley which is only large enough to maintain one hotel, but, of course, not up to the metropolitan standard. The pompous guest made himself generally obnoxious by his constant demands for what it was impossible to give him, and by his criticisms and complaints of the lack of accommodations. Finally the lady herself was called in.

"Can't I get anything I want in this house, madam?" he said to her.

"You can get anything we have, but no more, sir," she responded.

"Well, it's strange that when a man pays his good money he gets nothing for it."

"I'm sorry, but really we are doing the best we can."

"Probably you are," he grumbled, "but I'm not used to stopping at a one-horse hotel."

Then her temper got the better of her manners.

"I suppose not," she retorted, "and I'm real sorry there isn't a one-hog hotel in town so you could go to it and feel better satisfied."

Suspicion but no Direct Proof.

The munchausen stories that are going around connected with the death of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams are simply outrageous. Every day some one feels called upon to relate something which he or she imagines connects Durrant with the double crime. While all the evidence which the public has been favored with places the accused in a very unfavorable light there is nothing yet which a jury of the present day would bring in a verdict which would place a man's life in jeopardy.

The charge has been made against Durrant and every bit of evidence that can be obtained is seemingly for the purpose of making conviction sure. That the premises may be right or wrong is an open question. If you work from the wrong foundation the time will come sooner or later when it will fall to the ground.

A case has recently occurred where a man for over sixteen years was supposed to be guilty of the murder of his wife. A man now comes forward and confesses his guilt and the circumstantial evidence was probably as strong against the husband as that now brought against Durrant.

He may be guilty but as long as there is a doubt the law considers him an innocent man. Put yourself in his place and let us hear from you.

The churches were all very well attended yesterday.

The picnic of the Hermann Sons, which was to have taken place at Oak Grove yesterday, was postponed on account of the rain. The members of the Order will meet this evening and set another date for the picnic.

Murphy, one of the Fairfield, Solano county jail escapes was caught on Saturday by Under-Sheriff Robinson on a train coming from Cordelia to Vallejo. He made a desperate resistance but was finely overpowered and taken back to his old quarters. On being searched he was found to have a ticket to San Francisco and several ugly weapons.

On the Alden tract about ten miles north-east of Oakland indications of oil have been found. Samples have been tested and the find proves to be a superior article of petroleum with a paraffine and not a bituminous basis. Further investigation will be immediately gone into. The land is in Contra Costa county.

The late rains have certainly cheered the hearts of all people residing in the country. Reports come from all quarters that large productions are insured. This is certainly encouraging for the times generally are much depressed. Success in the agricultural sections of the State means that better days are sure to follow.

Two young men, Louis E. Beers and V. Sumner Hughes leave Los Angeles today, and will walk to Berkeley. They expect to earn enough money on the way to pay the expenses of a college term. It is their intention to enter the University in August next.

Professor Joseph P. Fleming, the swimming teacher saved William H. Finley from drowning yesterday. Finley fell overboard from the steamer Piedmont on its 2 o'clock trip and Fleming jumped after him and kept his head above water until assistance arrived.

The directors of the Valley road are visiting Visalia for the purpose of looking in at the proposed depot site. Claus Spreckles said that the time would come when the San Joaquin Valley would grow enough sugar to supply the United States and that meant the keeping of \$80,000,000 at home.

Miss E. Blanche Powell and James Henry Powell, children of Abraham Powell, appeared before Judge Coffey on Saturday and obtained an order entitling them to access to the effects of their late father, in the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company.

Unexpectedly the sale of the Hassler to Captain John Irving of Victoria B. C., was not confirmed by the Treasury department upon the ground that under circumstances the government would not sell a vessel to an alien.

It has been ascertained that Ansel White whose death has been a mystery for many years, died near Seattle at the age of 76 years. County Auditor John W. Troy was his neighbor for many years. White was an heir to a \$4,000,000 estate.

William Henry Theodore Durrant was formally charged with the murder of Blanche Lamont in Emmanuel Baptist church, April 3, 1895. The complaint was sworn out by Detective John Seymour in Judge Conlan's Court on Saturday last.

On Saturday last a brilliant banquet was given at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, by the Alumni Association of the University of California in honor of Governor Budd. President Alexander F. Morrison presided.

People of San Jose have made a commencement to organize the first sanitary district since the new law was passed, for the purpose of regulating the saloon business.

The annual session of the State Pharmaceutical Association will take place at Santa Cruz on May 20 and 21, 1895.

Get your political printing done at the GAZETTE office with neatness and despatch and at living rates.

NICARAGUA

Enemies of the Government Aggressive.

England's Action Used as a Pretext.

Three More Sea Ports May be Occupied.

ALLEGED FRUITLESS ATTEMPT OF THE UNITED STATES TO EFFECT A SETTLEMENT.

Will Put on the Screws.

LONDON, April 28.—The following semi official note was issued from the Foreign Office this evening: Up to now nothing has been officially received regarding the course of events in Nicaragua. No notification has been received of the landing of the blue-jackets, as stated in the press dispatches.

The absence of information is believed to be due to the fact that the telegraph lines have been cut. Up to this evening the Admiralty is also without information.

No anxiety is felt as to the outcome of the Earl of Kimberly's attitude. There is not the slightest doubt but that Nicaragua will accede to the British demands. Whatever may be the extent of the pressure required to bring about this result, the Government will not hesitate to apply it.

The Daily News says: The President of Nicaragua has sent out a protest against the occupation of Corinto. He bewails the smallness and weakness of his state but it is not conquest that is sought. We are simply holding the port as security for compliance with our just demands. This is a matter in which a small state has taken a mean advantage of its smallness to put itself persistently in the wrong.

The Standard remarks: Not a shot has been fired. President Zelaya contented himself with protesting against what he calls an outrage against international law. We do not need to point out the amusing irrelevance of such an appeal from such a quarter. President Zelaya is trying to win the applause of the rabble by a display of cheap valor to show that he is determined to yield to nothing but overwhelming compulsion. He has played his game however. It is now time to begin business. The Nicaraguans must surely understand the situation or they must be taught. The farce is becoming tiresome. They must give in immediately or take the consequences.

In a leader this morning the Times says: The reply of Minister Matsu to the British ultimatum makes action imperative. Nicaragua must see that all her attempts to work upon the susceptibilities of the United States in regard to the British aggressions are doomed to disappointment. In spite of the efforts of some American papers to create ill feeling, one may believe that the American people cordially indorse the action of their Government. In that fact we may see a fresh indication that some closer connection of the policies of the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples may yet prove something more than a dream.

The rain came down in torrents on Saturday evening making the crops of the country an assured success.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Jealousy is the cause of more serious crimes than any other known quantity. It is extant everywhere. Neither heat or cold, dryness or dampness causes its existence to cease. It exudes like transpiration. Heat makes it glow and heat comes from friction of which power is the father.

This motive power jealousy was the intuitive yesterday of more or less trouble in West Berkeley. For some past there has been more or less antagonism between two of East Berkeley's distinguished citizens. The name of Brick McEntee is as familiar as any household words to the living-in-Berkeley population, but Shorty Taylor has got to get his name in the papers oftener to size up with his companion.

It is hardly necessary to go into a long dissertation about the habits of such people, yet the faithful chronicler must keep his records well up. Now, there was an entertainment given at Lorin for the benefit of the Peralta Fire Department, and the programme had been so well dilated that the attractiveness drew to the hall many a young lady with her escort. Matters got disarranged sometimes and it is the same way with individuals. Two young men take the same amount of femininity to the party as a treat. One of the young ladies instead of looking straight forward to her male protector lets her eyes go a leering on a center of view which is not always the proper mark. To get further down to facts jealousy stirred up a portion of the younger people who attended that ball to an extent which was beyond the endurance of youth's impetuosity. The natural consequence in this case appears to have been the seeking of the flowing bowl.

With savage intent our two heroes wended their way westward on Sunday forenoon. Each leader gathered followers upon the line of march. It was not until the new moon had disappeared behind the lovely hills of Marin county that our two combatants drew their forces sufficiently near enough together to make a direct contact in battle with one another. The scene of the battle ground was on San Pablo avenue where it crosses University avenue. The war cry was sounded and the hosts appeared from all points of the compass, full fledged in warpaint and feathers. The combat confines itself really to the two leaders who approach each other with defiance. A clash comes and in one short round Brick publicly announces that he has enough and says he will gladly pay all indemnity his conqueror calls for.

The officers, who had rushed to the scene of the affray, came to the conclusion that it was only a little one-horse affair of parties living out of the district and the present price of constable's salary would not warrant any arrest. This is about the amount of the West Berkeley scrimmage on Sunday which had been magnified as it rolled along the street to the size of a story which the city papers give to a manufactured horror on a government ship.

For Marshal.

Join hand in hand and muster forces,
Open up the keen campaign;
Hasten to the polls when open,
Never let your courage wane.

Why not Johnny? Surely Johnny
Striker we'll elect again.

Stand firm together, never waver,
Tried and true he's ever been.
Rally 'round his banner bravely;
In the battle, hot and keen
Keep your courage, never falter,
Even though you seem to lose,
Remember! all you voting people
John's the man, Striker ye'll choose.

—LOWE.

Subscribe for THE GAZETTE.

GAZETTELETS.

Leave your orders for the Berkeley Steam Laundry at Kelsey's Drug Store.

April 27th, the birthday of General Grant was observed in a number of the Eastern States.

Robert V. Hayne has declined the position on the Code Commission tendered to him by Governor Budd.

A large number of men are employed upon the Hartford Farragut's flagship, giving her a thorough overhauling.

A shark thirty feet long was captured at Capitola recently. Over two barrels of oil was the result of trying the fish out.

Will the Trustees take any advantage of the present low rate of insurance and see that the town has the advantage of it?

There was not as large an attendance at the entertainment in Lorin on Saturday evening as there would have been had not the night been so stormy.

On Saturday the Farmer's Union and Milling Company's warehouse at Stockton was destroyed by fire. There were 300 tons of wheat in the building.

Should trouble arise with Japan it is evident now that she will have the moral support of America and England as against Germany, France and Russia.

It is now said that since the evolution of the navy from sail to steam that more coal ports are needed on the Atlantic ocean. What's the matter with Cuba?

The Board of Trustees will hold their regular meeting this evening. Among the important business to come before them will be that of appointing election officers for the 13th of May next.

The canvass for the municipal election has thus far been exceedingly tame but from this time on it will become more animated, as the candidates will begin to take a more active part. In nearly all the wards the contest for Trustee and School Director will bring out a large working force. In the Seventh Ward there are five in the field for Trustee, and all of them equally confident of success.

The Marshal has filed with the Superior Court his answer to the complaint of Mrs. Mary D. Mathews, brought to restrain him from selling her property for the non-payment of the assessments for the opening of Calais street from Dwight way to Blake street. He denies all her statements and asks to have the injunction dissolved.

The contractor who was the successful bidder for grading and curbing Alcatraz avenue, it is understood, will decline to enter into the contract, owing to the fear of legal complications. It was known when the bid was put in that it might be difficult to enforce collections for the work and a larger price was demanded to warrant the risks taken, but further examination has convinced the contractor that it will be more prudent to refuse to do the work under the present proceedings.

Nathaniel J. Brittan has fought hard and many times to get back the 120 shares of stock of the Bank of California which he owned and at some unfortunate time placed in the hands of A. W. Bowman. The latter gentleman hypothecated the stock in bank and it was again transferred which placed it beyond his reach. The cost that Brittan has been to get what justly belonged to him must be some ways towards the amount claimed. So far the case has gone against him in every court it has been tried in.

Advertise in THE GAZETTE.

THE GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY
BY THE
GAZETTE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

WILL A. NASH.....EDITOR.
JOHN O. HANSCOM.....CITY EDITOR.
S. H. BORKHEIM.....BUSINESS MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year.....\$3.00
Six Months.....1.50
Per Month, Delivered by Carrier.....25 cts
Entered at the postoffice as second class matter.

MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1895.

THE business men of San Francisco have combined and now refuse to furnish the city with any supplies unless they get the cash for it. This will greatly cripple the Fire Department and other branches and may cause the jails to be thrown open and the hospitals to be closed.

THE RELATION OF FOODS TO WORK.

We are learning that the economy of foods is not the matter of dollars and cents only. It is the amount of returns on the money spent in strength, in nerve power in brain power, that is important. The true housekeeper endeavors to know how much strength, heat, fat, energy, she buys in meat, flour, vegetables, and the chemical results of the heat applied to food. She prefers to preserve the health of her family, to cure diseases; she knows the waist that illness involves; the old-time shield and protector of conscience that throws the responsibility of disease on God has been dissolved by science. We know what follows if the body is not well nourished, if the air breathed is not kept pure. The relation between drains and fevers is no longer a mysterious dispensation of providence. Good health is recognized as a combination of inheritance, environment, food and just knowledge of ability, strength and self-control. The educated woman today is not the woman who knows poetry, history, art and literature only, but she who adds to these things knowledge of sanitation, hygiene and food and who applies her knowledge to the business of living. Professor Alnatio says: "A quart of milk, three-quarters of a pound of moderately fat beef-sirloin steak, for instance, and five ounces of wheat flour, all contain about the same amount of nutritive material, but we pay different prices for them and they have different virtues for nutriment. The milk comes nearest to being a perfect food. It contains all of the different kinds of nutritive materials that the body needs. Bread made from the wheat flour will support life. It contains all of the necessary ingredients for nourishment, but not in proportions best adopted for ordinary use.

One might live on a beef diet alone, but it would be very one-sided and imperfect, but the combinations of meat and bread together make the essentials of a healthy diet. This has been proven by experiment. The advanced science of late years explains it. The explanation takes in not only the quantities of meat and bread and with other materials which we eat, but also the nutritive ingredients or nutrients which they contain.

True economy consists in buying the least quantity of waste. We grow more careful in buying food as we learn what proportion of foods we buy is waste.

Professor Atwater says: "The proportions of refuse are from eight to ten percent in the round of beef. About fourteen percent in leg mutton, forty percent in chicken and fifty percent or more in some kinds of fish.

We would scorn the business man who did not study to run his business with as little loss as possible. If he puts his money into machinery we would expect that if he wishes to make money on his investments, he would see to it, not only that his machinery yielded the greatest amount of product, but also that the best intelligence at his command should be used to protect the machinery from useless wear and tear. Its products would not be produced by its own destruction. Nor would its products be turned out in intervals of activity followed by intervals of idleness made necessary by breaking down from overwork or neglect. Repairs are made of profits made on products work done in ill health is sometimes good work but

rarely. Even then who can say how much better that work would have been if the producer had been in perfect health.

It is this close relation between that machine, the body, the care it receives and the work it does that makes the question of food so important, so worthy the best intelligence of every one.

FROM present indications it looks as though Trustee Whiting would be re-elected from the Third Ward. A great many of the citizens and business men on Shattuck avenue who, one year ago, were against Mr. Whiting are now out openly for him as they think that no matter how good a Board is elected it will need a balance wheel and that Mr. Whiting is the man.

THE Rev. J. George Gibson, pastor of the Emanuel Baptist Church, and who has gained much unpleasant notoriety in connection with the murders that have taken place in that church, preached last evening at the Grace Methodist Church in San Francisco. The church was jammed for an hour before the services were commenced, and hundreds were turned away. The pastor was in his seat at least 15 minutes before the first hymn was sung and was the cynosure of all eyes. When he commenced his sermon he was listened to with bated breath by the congregation who expected every moment that he would make some reference to the tragedies that had occurred in his church, but in this they were all disappointed as he made no reference whatever. It seems strange that hundreds of people who one month ago would scarcely notice pastor Gibson on the street now nearly break their necks to get a glance at him. It is a pity that so many people have such a morbid curiosity.

Miss Mary Bergen, a dressmaker of Eugene, Oregon, has been indicted for sending indecent letters through the mails. The indictment contains seven counts.

The Half Million Club is taking in the Northern counties now and is heartily received wherever it goes.

At San Luis Obispo it is said that the grain yield will be larger this year, in that vicinity, than any time for five years past. The hay crop is also very heavy.

A bicycle thief stole a wheel in San Jose one day last week and was seen on the Salinas road bound for Monterey. This may be the same fellow who stole two bicycles in Berkeley not very long ago.

If you are in need of Potatoes, Hay, Grain, Wood or Coal, don't fail to go to C. Demetrik & Co., Commission Merchants and wholesale dealers in the above articles. Shattuck avenue, near University avenue. Telephone, No. 43; P. O. Box, 115.

CANDIDATES

PRINTING

GAZETTE OFFICE

Advertise in THE GAZETTE.

Subscribe for THE GAZETTE.

G. H. STRICKER,
DEALER IN
Foreign and Domestic Cigars

Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos, Pipes,
Cigar Holders, Etc. Call for the
Edward Everett Cigar.
2132 SHATTUCK AVENUE,
Junction of Oakland Electric Cars, West Berkeley Lines and San Francisco Local Lines.

Artists' Materials

CAN BE HAD AT

KELSEY'S PHARMACY

AT S. F. PRICES FOR CASH ONLY.
2038 SHATTUCK AVENUE, Corner Addison Street,
Opp. Post Office. Orders by Telephone 25 Delivered Promptly.

Winsor Newton Colors and Brushes.

WE NEVER FOLLOW.

WE ALWAYS LEAD.

D. H. BRUNS & CO.

The Leading

GROCERS

Of West Berkeley

(Are) still in the ring with a full line of fancy and staple groceries, hardware, etc and all articles usually kept in a first-class store. Remember our store

SAN PABLO AND UNIVERSITY AVENUES.

REGULAR COAL DEPOT.

For the benefit of farmers we have a ten-ton scale.

GEO. KIRCHNER.

HERMANN BOEK.

National Bottling Company

OF OAKLAND.

BOEK & KIRCHNER, Agents.

—Sole Bottlers of the Celebrated—

National Brewing Co's. Lager Beer.

Sole Agents for Jack's Napa Soda. The Finest Brands of Lager Beer in kegs and bottles in the market. Orders Delivered Promptly. Family trade a Specialty. Office and Depot Northwest Corner of

NINTH AND FRANKLIN STS, OAKLAND

Telephone 596.

LOOK! THE LOOK!
BERKELEY T CO.

HAVE OPENED THEIR STORE AT
2313 Shattuck Avenue,
OPPOSITE DWIGHT WAY STATION.

WE HAVE ALL GRADES OF

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts, Etc.

Strictly Cash

at Oakland Prices.

This Coupon and \$1.00
will entitle purchaser to
\$.10 worth of Goods.

Patronize Us

And Be Convinced.

HANSON BROS., Props.

S. E. COR. 8TH AND BROADWAY.

915 WASHINGTON STREET.

WINE - VAULTS

THEO GIER

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES AND BRANDIES.

Family Trade a Specialty. Goods Delivered to all parts of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda.

J. A. MARSHALL,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

ARTIFICIAL STONE SIDEWALKS

Gardenwalks, Basements, Floors,

Carriage Steps, Building Stone, Coping and Steps, Colored Tiles. Urns and Vases, Stone Caskets, Etc.

Joseph Mason's Office, Cor. Shattuck Avenue and Dwight Way, Berkeley.

ELECTRIC SHAMPOO!

MANUFACTURED BY

JOHN GAZANEGO,
WEST BERKELEY.

It kills Dandruff and makes the Hair beautiful to look at. Thorough tests have been made of it. A simple preparation, yet wonderful in its effects. Sold by KELSEY and BARR in East Berkeley, and RUTLEDGE in West Berkeley.

The Puzzle Cigar Store

WEINER BLOCK,

SHATTUCK AVENUE, near Center Street. BERKELEY

Alfonzo Lopez, Proprietor.

Andy Moore, Manager.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO
OF THE LATEST AND BEST BRANDS.

J. M. McNAMARA,

Plumbing, Tinning and Gas Fitting
A SPECIALTY.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Ranges, Gas Fixtures and Household Utensils.

Lancaster Block, No. 2036 Shattuck Avenue,
NEAR ADDISON STREET.H. W. TAYLOR
LUMBER

Building - Material

WEST BERKELEY.
TELEPHONE 708WM. C. BISSELL
ASHBY AVENUE, BERKELEY.

AGENT FOR

HOME INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.

ASSETS, \$10,000,000.

This Company does not belong to any "Combine or Trust," and not being pledged to fixed tariffs of rates offers advantageous terms for desirable business. It also favors a permanent reduction by all companies of the present high rates in Berkeley and elsewhere in California.

Any Kind of Paper

CAN BE BOUGHT
OF

A. ZELLERBACH & SONS,

419, 421, 423 Clay Street

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone
Main 1133.Orders attended to
with promptness.SOLE AGENTS
FOR THECelebrated Eureka
and Palo Alto

Flat and Ruled Paper.

STERLING LINENS

WHEN YOU GET

John B. McIntyre

—YOU HAVE THE BEST—

BOOKBINDER AND PAPER RULER

ON THE COAST

422 Commercial St., San Francisco, Cal.

E. J. SHATTUCK & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—

PRINTING

AND

LITHOGRAPHIC

Inks

—DEALERS IN—

Improved Printing Rollers and Roller Composition.

520 Commercial and 525 Clay Sts. S. F.

FROM "SONG OF THE BALBOA SEA."

Grew once a rose within my room
Of perfect hue, of perfect health
Of perfect perfection and perfume
It filled my poor house with its life.
Then came the pestilence who kne.
Not good or grace, but overthrow
My rose, and in the broken pot
Nosed fast for slugs within the rot.
He found, found with exulting pride,
Deep in the loam a worm, a slug,
The while my rose tree died.

Ah, me! the pity 'tis true.
The fairest rose, the richest mold.
The richer mold the ranker grew
Some lonely life within its fold
From first to last. Wouldst breathe the rose
O'er break the pot and nose and nose?
Nay, plead not I for self at last;
The past, I have survived the past;
My ruined rose, my wrecked repose;
But plead I for that coming song,
The sweeter, fairer rose.

God is not far, man is not far
From heaven's porch, where pinns roll
And yet shall speak from star to star
In silent language of the soul;
You star-straw skies be but a town
With angels passing up and down.
"I leave my peace with you." Lo! these,
His seven wounds, the pleading
Pierce heaven's porch. But resting there
The new moon rocks the Child Christ in
Her silver rocking chair.
—Joaquin Miller in Overland.

A MISTAKE.

I had been trudging for 12 hours
through the steaming rain, which had
penetrated even the thick tweed suit I
wore. It had rained steadily for 24
hours, and, judging from the thick,
colorless sky and the white cloud
wreaths that hung about the lower
slopes of the mountains, there seemed
every probability that a spell of bad
weather had set in.

Driven as with a goad by the latter
discomfort of the dirty inn I had left
behind me in the morning, I pressed on
in the rain lashed gloaming toward the
old Roman watering place on the south-
ern side of the Stelvio pass, Bad Bormio.
There, I knew, the joys of good
food, clean linen and luxurious bath
waited for me. Of course I ought not to
have cast one thought on these comforts
of civilization, for the Stelvio pass is
one of the grandest in Europe, and it
had been my privilege to behold the
great Madatsch glacier and the cloud
veiled head of the Ortler Spitz, as I
stood at the top of the pass and looked
over the glories of the Tyrolean Alps.

But I was very wet, very tired, very
hungry, and I longed for my Capua down
in the pleasant valley. My portmanteau
had gone on by post—the carry all, om-
niscient post of foreign parts. At Bormio
I would rest me for three whole
days; good dinners would I eat and
sparkling Asti would I drink, and I
would make merry with any pleasant
folk chance might throw in my way.
And so the pains and penalties of the
poor pedestrian would be forgotten, or
remembered only as a foil to the com-
forts of the present.

I hurriedly pulled myself up at this
stage of my reflections, for anticipation
had made me forget for a brief moment
what was then my condition. The re-
lentless rain had worked its way to my
skin. Only my feet were dry, thanks to
the waterproof boots and stout leggings
I wore. I was as yet within some miles
of my goal when I overtook two pedes-
trians whose case was much worse than
my own, for these two belated wander-
ers were women, and the poor creatures'
skirts were wet and dragged and clung
miserably about their limbs. Both were
slender and young, and the heavy rain
beat heavily on their heads and shoulders.
Bedraggled though they were, I
saw at a glance they were ladies, and a
few words uttered by one told me that
they were countrywomen of my own.
My interest and sympathy were at once
enlisted.

"Another hour, Betty, at most, and
we can knock off. What a tramp we've
had, and how it can rain in this won-
derful country!"

The girl who spoke (she could only
have been in her early twenties) had a
fair, ruddy complexion, her cheeks look-
ed like roses that had had a thorough
drenching, and a great lump of light
brown hair, which showed beneath her
soaked gray felt hat was heavy with
diamond drops of water. Both girls
wore neat ulsters, but the rain had evi-
dently soaked them through, and they
clung tightly to the slim outlines of
their forms.

I glanced quickly at the girl addressed
as Betty. She was wet, but even pret-
tier than her companion. The steady
tramp of my steps probably caused Betty
some alarm, for she looked nervously
over her shoulder. It was then that I
saw what a very pretty girl she was,
despite her somewhat disheveled state.
On the impulse of the moment I raised
my hat and muttered some sort of salu-
tation:

"Oh, you're English!" The accent
of pleasure was unmistakable and grati-
fying.

The exclamation came from Betty,
whose dark eyes were turned full on
me. Evidently the result of the inspec-
tion was favorable, for Betty smiled and
showed a row of gleaming little teeth,
whose whiteness was accentuated by the
rich red of the lips that framed them.
The young lady's complexion was slight-
ly browned by exposure to the sun, but
the lashing of the rain had brought a
flush of pink to the smooth cheek, whose
perfect contour was apparent as she
turned toward me.

"Yes, I am English," I said in a com-
fortable, elder brotherly tone, calculat-
ing to win the confidence of these two in-
dependent damsels errant, "and I am
on my way to Bad Bormio."

"So are we, and we are so horribly
wet, and the road seems as if it would
never end."

"It is a long tramp from Trafoi," I
remarked.

"Oh, we only came from Franzen-
bohe this morning. We had some lunch
at Santa Maria, and we hope to reach
Bormio by dinner time," said the other
girl, whose name I afterward knew to
be Kate, "for, to tell you the truth, we
are both awfully hungry."

"What hotel are you bound for?" I
inquired.

"The Nuovi Bagni."

"Ah, I am going there too. Will you
allow me to walk with you and to carry
that bag?" I added, pointing to a fair
sized rucksack strapped to the supple
back of Miss Betty.

After a little demur the rucksack was
unstrapped and attached to the haversack
I carried. I saw with satisfaction that
the slender figure, relieved of its bur-
den, drew itself more erect and moved
forward with greater ease.

The two girls, tramping unprotected
along that lonely road which winds
down from the summit of the pass to
Italy, seemed quite free from any fear
of danger. The discomfort of rain soak-
ed clothing, boots heavy with mud, and
the fatigue consequent on the long
tramp seemed to be the only cause of
complaint they had.

"You see, when one is on a walking
tour, one can't stop for weather," re-
marked Betty, with a comprehensive
glance round at the mist shrouded moun-
tains, the rain lashed rocks showing
their rich brown in vivid contrast to the
gray sky and patches of vivid green
moss. "One must take the good and the
bad just as they come, like the rough
and the smooth places on the road. My
friend and I are good walkers, and we
enjoy a tramp like this in spite of the
weather."

I had got the idea that the girls were
sisters, although they were quite unlike
in personal appearance. Bit by bit I got
to know more about my damsels errant.
They had walked most of the way from
Innsbruck, through the Brenner pass to
Botzen. There they had taken the train
to Meran, and thence had pursued their
tramp, stopping several days on the road
at Spondelach, Trafoi and Franzensbohe.
"We shall stay at Bormio a few days
and rest, and then we shall meet our
bags again. You can't think how glad
we are to see those bags. We quite love
the very straps and buckles. Do you
know Bormio at all?"

I avowed my ignorance.
"Nor do we. There was an American
lady we met at Innsbruck who recom-
mended the Nuovi Bagni to us. I think
she thought us quite mad, but she was
extremely kind."

"Kittie," she added, suddenly ad-
dressing her companion, "do look down
here at that leaping water. That must
be the Adula."

"Oh, our first Italian river, Betty!
How jolly!" cried the enthusiastic Kate,
her gray eyes beaming out from under
her dripping hat brim.

Then she looked down the valley and
tried, I think, to realize that this rain
beaten scene really was Italy.

"Cheer up, Kittie; it will be fine to-
morrow and won't we revel in the sun-
shine when it comes?"

It was Betty who spoke. The manner
of the girls toward each other amused
me. They seemed to take the role of
guide and consoler in turns, just as, I
have no doubt, they had taken it in
turns to carry the rucksack which I had
now in my care.

Independent though they were, the
girls seemed glad of my companionship,
especially when we passed through one
of the dark, cavernous galleries roofed
with stones, built to protect the road
from avalanches. They chatted in a
friendly, unembarrassed manner, and
the sound of the fresh young voices and
the sight of the two pretty faces did
much to redeem the dreariness of the
long, monotonous road.

The next morning was a sumptuous
one. I was soon dressed and out of
doors. I caught the sound of a woman's
voice trilling out the refrain of an Ital-
ian folksong.

The larklike joyousness of the song
seemed in harmony with the glorious
morning. In a dreamy mood I listened.
The singing voice floated nearer. I
caught sight of a white straw sailor hat
and a pink cotton blouse.

Italian peasant girls do not attire
themselves thus. I am a trifle short
sighted, but in a very few moments I
was aware that the early rising song-
stress was Miss Kate Morison. A glance
at the hotel register had informed me of
the names of my fellow pedestrians.

She looked very pretty and fresh. The
mass of light brown hair was twisted
up neatly at the back of her head.
Clearly the luggage of the two girls had
turned up, for there were no signs of
travel stain about the trim blue serge
skirt and the crisply starched pink
blouse.

I wished her good morning and in-
quired for her absent friend.

"Oh, Betty is all right, thanks, only
rather sleepy. I thought it a pity to
waste one single hour of this heavenly
morning, and I wanted to make a little
sketch from the bridge."

"An artist as well as a singer?" I in-
quired, smiling.

"Oh, you heard my chirruping, I sup-
pose. One must sing when one feels so
utterly happy. Isn't the air exhilarat-
ing? But I must make my sketch. I can
sit on the parapet—so—and get just the
view I want."

Her busy pencil did its work with
great rapidity, and when I asked per-
mission to look at the sketch I was real-
ly surprised at the masterliness of her
touch and her knowledge of perspective.

She closed her sketchbook, and we
walked back together to the hotel. In
the garden we met Miss Betty. She,
too, looked dainty and fresh after her
night's rest. The same source of infor-
mation that had made me acquainted
with Miss Kittie's name had told me
her's—Blount.

At breakfast I happened to mention
her by name, and I fancied a look of
surprise crossed her face at the likeness
with which I uttered it. But her man-
ner showed no displeasure, and I was
encouraged to offer my escort for an ex-
pedition to the town of Bormio. The
 quaint, old world place, with its rough
pavements and narrow streets, so Ital-
ian in its aspect, with the yellow wash-
ed houses and curious loggias, and
mossy, silent church, delighted Miss
Kittie and gave much occupation to her
pencil. But Miss Blount, whose artistic
superiority her friend had proclaimed,
did not make any sketches, although,

no doubt, she stored up impressions for
future use.

Nothing but a violent wrench would
have enabled me to leave Bormio. I
lingered on, hugging my chains, and
the two girls, for what reason I know
not, lingered too.

The place had a curious charm. It
had the strength and grandeur of the
mountains and the glory and glamour
of the south. A week passed, during
which the two girls and I were almost
always together. Their utter unconven-
tionality surprised me, but it delighted
me too. Their plans were not fixed, but
something had been said once or twice
about extending their walking tour to
the Engadine, by way of the Bernina
pass. I had just made up my mind that
where they went I would go, for the
thought of Betty tramping unprotected
and exposed to the chance of insult filled
me with dismay. Already I assumed to
myself the man's right of protection.

The two girls listened respectfully, al-
most obediently, to my advice and made
no objection whatever when I declared
that I, too, intended to visit the Enga-
dine and would go when they went.

In my own mind I had fully planned
how my romance was to end. I would
marry Betty. We should be poor, but I
knew her tastes were simple, and I
would work treble hard and win suc-
cess for myself and wealth for her be-
fore we were five years older. Of such
visions is love guilty!

As the girls were resolute to keep to
their plan of walking from Bormio to
Pontresina we set out in true bohemian
fashion, like respectable gypsies. The
roads were good, the weather perfect,
and we tramped joyously to Bolladore
and Tirano, staying a day here and a
day there, just as the fancy took us. It
was at Tirano that the climax of my
brief madness came and the denouement
of this adventure befell.

We were housed in the Hotel San
Michele, one of the quaintest hostleries
surely wherein a man might take his
ease, for the building had formerly shel-
tered a peaceful sisterhood. The bed-
rooms were vaulted, the floors were of
stone, and all the doors opened on to a
broad, cloisterlike gallery. At the end
of this winding gallery was an immense
loggia, which looked on the piazza and
the cathedral—a pilgrimage church—
whither on great festivals the faithful
were gathered together from all the
surrounding villages.

Perhaps it was the sobering influences
of the gray old building, or the conven-
tual air of the place, or the asceticism
which breathed from those cell-like bed-
rooms, but certainly on that third even-
ing of our sojourn there the girls' man-
ner had changed. Betty's beautiful face
was sad and clouded, and Kittie's gay-
ety had vanished. After dinner she
pleaded a headache and went to her
room, and Betty looked troubled as she
left us, but did not offer to follow.

I suggested a stroll in the convent gar-
den, whence came the click of the
bowls, for that old world game was al-
ways in full swing after the day's work
was over. The garden, being large,
served as an open air club to the towns-
people. Betty agreed, and we were soon
in the cool, high walled pleasure—a
quiet spot, where all we heard of the
players was the click of the ball and the
distant sound of laughter and talk.

The sun had set, and a cool breeze
was whispering among the broad leaves
of the fig trees. In the grass the drone
of the grasshopper made a sleepy mur-
mur. Betty was curiously silent, a trifle
embarrassed in manner, and somehow
this unwonted shyness and taciturnity
gave me confidence in myself. I talked
to her about many things, as if I were
entitled to her sympathy, told her of my
struggles, of my ambitions, of my hopes
—talked as a man rarely talks save to
the woman he loves and hopes to win
for his wife.

Somehow or other—made bold, I
think, by a tender softening of her face
when I spoke about the hardness of the
struggle for fame when the struggle is
made single handed—I blurted out my
secret. I loved her, and life would be a
desert without her love.

Then in the gray twilight I saw a
white, astonished face and two large
frightened eyes look at me almost in
horror.

"Mr. Aslehurst," she panted, "you
are surely mad! It is not I you love. It
is"—she stopped and bit her lips.

Good heavens! It was the old complica-
tion. I read her unspoken thought in
a flash. She believed it was Kittie I
loved; that it was for Kittie's sake that
I had dangled at their heels all this time.
I was about to protest that it was she
—Betty, and she only that I loved—
when she resumed, in a calm, self pos-
sessed tone:

"You must forget that you have ever
spoken so to me, Mr. Aslehurst; that you
have ever thought of me—in that way
—for I am married already. My hus-
band is coming to join us at Pontre-
sina."

I stared at her incredulously for a
moment.

"But, Miss Blount!"

"I was Miss Blount once. I am Mrs.
Field now. Perhaps you know my hus-
band. He is a barrister too. He could
not get away sooner, because he had
some important case to work up," she
went on rapidly. "It is all Kittie Mori-
son's fault—this—this dreadful mistake.
Kittie was my greatest chum before I
married last year. She was very angry
with me for marrying, and she persua-
ded me, just for the sake of old times,
when we used to come abroad together
for walking tours, to be Miss Blount
again. It was she who wrote the name
in the hotel book at Bormio, and when
you called me Miss Blount Kittie was
delighted and insisted on keeping up the
joke."

"That was a little rough on me," I
said in a crestfallen way. The comical
side of the situation was apparent to
me, and for the moment I forgot the
pangs of despoiled love.

"We did not mean any harm," she
murmured humbly. "We used to have
such splendid times together when we
toured about, Kittie and I. When I
heard you call me Miss Blount, I almost

forgot that I had a husband in London."

"Poor Field! He would not be flater-
ed."

"You know my husband?"

"Slightly. We meet pretty often in
hall," I answered dryly.

"Oh, Mr. Aslehurst, what must you
think of me? But I do love Edward,
and I—I shall be so happy to see him at
Pontresina. We are a model couple, and
ever so contented. I—I thought that
you admired Kittie Morison. She is
such a dear, good girl. She has always
been very independent and high spirit-
ed, but"—Again she stopped, and I
read in Mrs. Field's beautiful face the
gist of a little romance that had no
doubt been simmering in her brain ever
since our meeting in the rain swept pass
of Stelvio.

Alas, how easily things go wrong! I
had fallen in love with the wife instead
of with the maid, thanks to Miss Kittie
Morison's little freak. Betty—I must
call her by the name I have called her
always in my thoughts—Betty had al-
lowed the freak to be indulged, and I
was a broken hearted man—for fully 36
hours. But I could not in mere civility
leave the two forlorn women to trudge
together to Pontresina, especially now
that I knew one of them was the wife
of a brother barrister. By the time we
reached our Alpine Mecca we were the
best of friends again. Field turned up
for a day or two later, and I staid on, for
we all found four a pleasanter number
than three in our mountain expeditions,
and really, Kittie Morison—she has an-
other name now—was and is a very
pretty girl, and she is certainly much
less independent than when I first made
her acquaintance.—Strand Magazine.

Paul Jones and the Privateer.
The French ambassador, the Duc de
Vauquoy, committed the astounding
faux pas of suggesting to Paul Jones
that he take command of a French pri-
vateer and thus escape from his danger-
ous situation in the Texel. Paul Jones'
reply to this was an instant and haughty
demand for an apology, which was
promptly forthcoming. No man hated
privateering and its "infernal prac-
tices," as he calls them, more cordially
than Paul Jones. He wrote of privateers
as "licensed robbers," and was natu-
rally indignant at the affront offered him.

Some years after the affair in a French
port he had an amusing controversy
on the subject with Captain Truxton, af-
terward the celebrated commodore. Trux-
ton was then in the humble capacity of
captain of a private ship bent on plan-
der. He had the assurance to raise a
pennant in the presence of Paul Jones
without asking his permission and in
defiance of the act of congress forbid-
ding a privateer to hoist a pennant un-
der such circumstances without the per-
mission of a naval ship's commander.
They had a tart correspondence, and
Commodore Truxton was evidently
mightier with the sword than with the
pen, as Paul Jones writes of him that
there are in his letter "several words I
do not understand and cannot find in
the dictionary." Paul Jones sent him
"a polite message" to haul down the
pennant. This being disregarded, an-
other polite message and Lieutenant
Richard Deal with two armed boats
were sent, and the pennant came down.
—"Paul Jones," by Molly Elliot Sea-
well, in Century.

Are Thanks Unnecessary?
"A great deal is said about men be-
ing thanked for giving up their seats in
the street cars to women," said a man
in conversation with a friend. "Now,
for my part, I don't want to be thanked
for simply doing my duty."

"But is it your duty," asked the
friend, "to give up a seat for which
you have paid and stand up the entire
trip to accommodate a stranger?"

"I look at it as a duty. It is a deal
easier for a man to hang to a strap than
it is for a woman. The fact that a
woman is standing while I sit annoys
me. It does not matter in the least to
me that she is a stranger. I feel under
obligations to give her my place."
"That is gallantry," sneered his
friend.

"It comes nearer to being reciprocity.
Every few days some man gives my wife
or mother a seat in a crowded car, so I
try to pass the courtesy on. Only yes-
terday I saw every man in a Gratiot
avenue car give up his seat to some
woman. Not one was thanked, or look-
ed as if he expected to be, or indeed
gave the woman in the case a chance to
thank him. It was done as if all be-
longed to one family, but the true spirit
of politeness was in the atmosphere, and
thanks, though not audible, were felt.
To tell the truth, it embarrasses me to
have a woman repeat that set formula,
"Thank you, sir!"

"I guess you're not often embar-
rassed," retorted his friend cynically,
and there the conversation ended.—De-
troit Free Press.

A Mother's Lament.
It was in the Black sea that he fell
from the bridge, and the captain said,
"Is it Jack that is overboard?" For he
loved him like a son, and he plunged in
to save him. And the water was wild,
and he grasped—but it was only his
cap. And a sad present it was that they
sent me that Christmas—his silver
watch and chain. And since then I have
been weak and weary, for he was the
first of 18, and I loved him the best.
Ah, Jesus sent and Jesus took! I know
it must be so, but when I sit on the
rocks I think maybe God took my son
to some island in the sea, and when I
see the birds skimming on the water I
think maybe he was not drowned, but
will come up out of the sea to his
mother, who nursed him so dear.—
Blackwood's Magazine.

Scotland.
Scotland was named from the Scoti,
a tribe which had its birth in north Ire-
land. It was called by the natives Caledonia,
"the little country of the Gaels,"
Gael properly signifying "a hidden
river." The Picts, who inhabited the
lowlands of Scotland, were "painted
men."

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR TRUSTEE
SEVENTH WARD

M. J. ACTON.

Regular Nominee Non Partisan Con-
vention.FOR TRUSTEE
SEVENTH WARD

JOHN J. HIGGINS.

SAMUEL HEYWOOD

Prohibition and Taxpayers'
Nominee

TRUSTEE 7TH WARD.

FOR ASSESSOR

TOWN OF BERKELEY

ISAAC W. WELLS

(PRESENT INCUMBENT.)

FOR TOWN MARSHAL

J. W. STRIKER,

Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan
Convention.

ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

FOR TOWN CLERK,

CHAS. W. GOMPERTZ,

Regular Nominee of the Non-Partisan
Convention.

ELECTION, MAY 13, 1895.

M. L. HANSCOM

Announces himself as a

Candidate for Town Clerk.

JOHN SQUIRES

Hereby announces himself as a candidate for
the office of

TOWN TREASURER.

You'll have a Fit
AND BE SATISFIED

If you have your Clothes made by

Brown & McKinnon

THE FASHIONABLE TAILORS
OF OAKLANDFinest Workmanship. Perfect Fitting.
Lowest Prices.
Finest System of Cutting on the Coast.
Samples and Infallible Rules for Self-Meas-
urement sent free.BROWN & MCKINNON, Merchant Tailors
EAST SIDE OF BROADWAY
Near 11th Street, OAKLAND.

THE WAGNER.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bank Building, Berkeley, Cal.

Telephone No. 8, Five bells.

A. DE MARCONNAY, M. D.

Hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Office and Residence 840 University Avenue Oppo-
site Sisters Hall, West Berkeley, Cal.

TOWN OFFICERS:

TRUSTEES—W. C. Jones, M. J. Acton,
N. T. Whiting, V. Stubenrauch, Charles
Hadden.SCHOOL DIRECTORS—G. M. Robertson,
P. R. Boone, J. W. Richards, B. F. Bergen,
H. W. Taylor, Ed. F. Niehaus.

CLERK—C. S. Preble.

ATTORNEY—Thos. F. Graber.

MARSHAL—J. W. Striker.

ASSESSOR—I. W. Wells.

ENGINEER—Charles L. Huggins.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—E. H. Shaw,
East Berkeley; C. R. Lord, West Berkeley.CONSTABLES—T. G. Botherton, East
Berkeley; Con. Newell, West Berkeley.

GAZETTELETS.

Call on E. H. Driggs for your oil and
gasoline stoves. He will suit you in prices.If you want a nice suit of clothes call on
Mikkelsen & Berry, 2124 Center street,
Berkeley. All kinds of repairing done.If you want window glass of any size,
numbers, lawn mowers, any kind of cutlery,
in fact for anything in the hardware line,
call upon SCHMITT & ZERNER in Shattuck
Block, and you can get them to suit.Get your watches, clocks and jewelry re-
paired at R. A. Curry's, formerly Scott's
2124 Center street, Berkeley. Diamonds,
watches and jewelry of all kinds on hand.
Work guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties so desiring can always call
up the GAZETTE by telephone.
Telephone No. 33, six bells, West
Berkeley. The office in East Berke-
ley will for the time being be located
in the same office with the Western
Union Telegraph Company.Madame Kohne, midwife and
ladies' nurse, has removed from 1912
fifth street, to Eighth street, between
University avenue and Addison street.Call at the Dwight Way Station
Barber Shop, near Shattuck avenue.
First-class attendance.FRED. CHAMPAGNE,
2113 Dwight Way.

OFFICE OF THE

Assessor of Alameda County.

Poll Tax Notice.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

THE 70

A Wonder of Coloring in Flowers.

The editor of "Notes for the Curious," recently read a wonderful (?) account of a bunch of roses kept in a New York greenhouse, which still retain their original color, notwithstanding the fact that they were out from the parent stalk three years and one month before the signing of our Declaration of Independence. The editor of the paper in which the notice appeared, he no doubt considering it the "slightest wonder of the world," asked if any reader could give information concerning a case in which roses or other flowers had retained their natural colors for so long a time.

We would state that we have seen well preserved wreaths and garlands of lotus, red and yellow poppies, and other unclassified flowers which were found on Egyptian mummies known to have been dead over 6,000 years. The red poppies were but a shade lighter than those dried and pressed but a month or a year before, and in the case of the yellow variety there was no distinguishable difference between those from the ancient tombs and specimens which had been dried but a week. If the editor who refers to the colonial roses as wonders will visit the Egyptian museum at Cairo, he will find dried colored flowers of sufficient antiquity to excite his wonder. —St. Louis Republic.

The New Tars.

The return of the tarsi seems to denote that the style of hairdressing is again in the ascendant. This ought to be good news to all except the divinely tall woman, to whom the loss of an inch or two by a coiffure dressed low in the neck was immaterial. To the average woman the Madonna style of head-dress was certainly a handicap. It suggested a revival of the archaic scarcely more in keeping with the ordinary British profile than the professed appreciation of Botticelli is with the ordinary British character. —Pall Mall Budget.

Thoughtlessly Frank.

"I suppose you will be out again to-night," remarked Sportington's wife severely.

"I will," he replied with feeling, "unless I manage to hold better hands than I got last night." —Washington Star.

Calvin's face was too strongly marked to be called handsome. Impressive and stern are the words that best describe his features.

Dahomey is the smallest state in Africa. It has 4,000 square miles, almost the exact size of Connecticut.

The members of the Berkeley Road Club and the Crescent Cycling Club will take part in the Oakland parade tomorrow evening.

Mrs. H. M. Wilson aged 70 years died near Healdsburg yesterday. She came to California in 1848 and was the first woman school teacher in Sonoma.

There are fourteen contestants for the Queenship of the coming floral festival to be held at Healdsburg.

Grant Wheeler, who in company with others held up a train near Wilcox, Arizona, killed himself rather than submit to being captured.

THE BEACON

G. W. FRANKLIN, Proprietor.

DEALER IN FINE

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Bet. 5th and 6th Sts., Berkeley, Cal.

CASH GROCERY STORE.

DANIEL DUGGAN, Proprietor.

Corner Third and Rose Sts, Berkeley.

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

Fresh & Choice Groceries

A First-class Bar in Connection with the store.

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Co-partnership heretofore existing between Edward Brennen and Hugh McDonald, and this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said co-partnership to be paid to Edward Brennen, who will continue the business of the firm to-wit: The Grocery Business, near the northeast corner of University and San Pablo avenues. That all debts owing by said firm will be paid by Edward Brennen.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our names and seals, this 19th day of April, 1895.

ED. BRENNEN.

HUGH McDONALD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of April 1895.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,
Notary Public in and for Alameda County,
State of California, ap 191 m

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between R. L. Agers and John J. K. Koughan, under the firm name and style of R. L. Agers & Co., near the corner of Dwight way and Telegraph avenue, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All bills payable and receivable will be attended to at the former place of business of said firm.
Dated Berkeley, April 1, 1895.

EARLY MINSTRELSY.

GEORGE CHRISTY, ONE OF THE ORIGINATORS OF THE SHOW.

Interesting Scrapbook Left by the Celebrated Burnt Cork Artist—A Friend of Edwin Forrest and a Talented Comedian. Negro Minstrelsy in Great Britain.

Mrs. Edwin Forrest Fair, a daughter of the famous George Christy, who established negro minstrelsy in New York in 1847, chatted with me the other day very entertainingly regarding her father's career. She gave me his old scrapbook to refer to and several excellent photographs and some old fashioned engravings.

It seems so long since the days of the Christy minstrels that I rather expected to see an older looking woman than George Christy's daughter appears to be. She is an enthusiast over her father's memory. She has another sister living, and also a brother, George Harrington, who, instead of perpetuating the family trademark, has been known chiefly through his "beefsteak dinners" at the old Morgue club.

"My father, known in private life as George N. Harrington, was a young man when he died," said Mrs. Fair. "He was only 40. He had a fine constitution, it was thought, but he wore his heart on his sleeve and put a year into every day. Being jovial, hearty and generous with every one, even his most humble employee, he was persistently sought by well known persons, and his nature could not resist the compliment he felt their companionship to be."

"One of his very particular friends was Edwin Forrest. A few days before I was born my father declared he would name his child for him. 'What if it's a girl?' asked my mother. 'Then we'll call her Edwin,' replied my father. So you see I was named beforehand. Another friend of his, my brother tells me, was Theodore Thomas, who used to black up and do 'nigger business.'"

"And why not? Didn't Edwin Booth try it? It was a pity that my father did not live to make a great name as an actor in white, for he was considered a remarkable low comedian. In burlesque he used to sustain from one to half a dozen characters in a piece and exhibit wonderful versatility. He made a great hit with his Topsy in a burlesque on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He had a singularly sweet singing voice, and as a dancer he had few equals. He was also a contortionist and seemed blessed with every physical possibility."

"I was 18 years old when I last saw him, and that's a most impressionable age for a girl. I think Billy Birch copied a few of his characteristics, and George Thatcher has given some good imitations of him, but they and such other men as Schoolcraft and Sweatnam are different in general style."

Although I think it is generally understood that the Christy minstrels were the originators of that sort of entertainment, individual negro delineation was done as far back as 1799, at the Federal Street theater, in Boston.

The first idea of minstrelsy in its present shape, or before Mr. Haverly introduced his "Mastodons," came forth in the spring of 1841, for one night only, at the Chatham theater. The company was called the "Virginia minstrels" and was made up by Dan Emmet, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock and Dick Pelham. The entertainment met with astonishing success. It was repeated subsequently at the Bowery amphitheater and at the Park. Fearing quick opposition here, the company, with G. B. Woodbridge at its head, went to England.

In London it performed for six weeks at the Adelphi in connection with Professor Anderson, then known as "the wizard of the north." A misunderstanding arising, a second company was organized by Pelham and Whitlock in connection with Joe Sweeney, and it traveled through Ireland and Scotland with success.

Another company, called the "Ring and Parker minstrels from Boston," now came along, and while in Liverpool one of the members introduced the character Lucy Long, which became immediately popular.

Simultaneously minstrel companies were being organized in nearly all the American cities, and on the return home of these two organizations they not only found plenty of rivalry, but much improvement on their plan.

Now followed in notable favor the "Kentucky minstrels," the "Congo melodists" and "Buckley's serenaders." Then was organized the famous Christy's, consisting of E. P. Christy, George N. Christy, L. Durand and T. Vaughn.

George, who afterward became the leader and was the joyous spirit of the show, had previously appeared at the old Eagle Street theater, in Buffalo, in 1839, and in 1842 the company started on its existence in the same city in a hall on Water street. George Christy was "bones" and Lansing Durand was "tambo." It is asserted that George was the original Lucy Long, the first to do the "wench business." He also made a hit as Cachooca.

The first appearance of the company in New York was at the Palma Opera House, in Chambers street. After various visits to other localities it finally settled at 473 Broadway, in 1847, where it remained 11 years. George finally withdrew from the care of his foster father, E. P. Christy, and with Harry Wood opened another hall at 444 Broadway, and a year later the original party went to California, and George became master of the situation.

After several years of great success Messrs. Wood and Christy opened the Fifth Avenue Opera House, in Twenty-fourth street. Christy's last appearance on the stage was with Hooley's minstrels, in Brooklyn, on May 2, 1867. He died on May 12 at his home and was buried from Trinity chapel three days later. His body is in Cypress Hills cemetery. —New York Herald.

HENRY R. PATTERSON, AUGUST VOLLMER.

Patterson & Vollmer

DEALERS IN

HAY, GRAIN, WOOD & COAL

COR. VINE ST. & SHATTUCK AVE. BERKELEY.

Orders Promptly Attended To.

BREWTON A. HAYNE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Creeker Building, San Francisco.
Residence, Piedmont Way.
Telephone, 502

Fonzo's Cafe

—AND—

OYSTER HOUSE

EVERYTHING COOKED TO ORDER.

FURNISHED ROOMS

By the Day, Week or Month at reasonable rates.

Fred. Fonzo, - - Prop.

2067-2069-2071 Center St.,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.
Opposite Waterbury's Livery Stable.

The American Saloon

FRANK GIMBEL, Prop.

French Wines, Liquors and Cigars

COR. 6TH ST. & UNIVERSITY AVE.
WEST BERKELEY, CAL.
Agent for Schwarz's Weis Bier.

J. J. DUNN

CONTRACTOR

Streets Graded and Macadamized

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

VINE STREET, COR. SPRING,

NORTH BERKELEY, CAL.

Alameda Water Co.

OFFICE—HANN BLOCK,

NEAR BERKELEY STATION.

BERKELEY, CAL.

THE BERKELEY Livery Stable



Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable

AT BERKELEY STATION.

Where I will always have on hand, Buggies Carriages and Horses for the accommodation of the public at reasonable charges.

Special attention given to the boarding of horses. Transient custom solicited.
Telephone 1730.

H. M. Waterbury.

Golden Gate Supply Co.
L. A. CAVALIER, Prop.
SHATTUCK AVE. AND CEDAR STREET
—DEALER IN CHOICE—
Wheat, Oats, Hay and Feed.
COAL of all kinds.
Solicits a Share of the Public Patronage.
Orders Promptly Attended To.

FRENCH LIQUOR STORE

H. DAJAS.

[—Dealer in fine imported and Domestic—]

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Family supplies a specialty.

Rancourt Way and Sixth St., West Berkeley

—Goods delivered free—

THE OAKLAND PAVING COMPANY.

OFFERS its experience of 25 years, and the satisfactory character of the streets it has constructed in Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda as its best reference to parties desiring street work on public or private contract. Office at

906 BROADWAY,
Rooms 36, 37, 38, Oakland, Cal.

PREMIUM MARKET.

AND SALT

FRESH MEATS

F. ESMOND, PROP.

Dwight Way, Opposite Station, Berkeley.

DR. BENNETT-NASH.

Lancaster Block; Rooms 13 and 14
Office hours from 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. Free clinic to the poor every Thursday from 10 to 12.

Advertise

Subscribe

Berkeley Gazette

LARGEST CIRCULATION

BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN THE COUNTY.

Delivered by Carrier for 25c.
per Month.

SHE WAS A WOMAN.

And For This Reason There Was No Occasion For Surprise.

The sun beat down that blistering afternoon on the little adobe cabin just beyond the arroyo, and on the far side in the shade sat two sweltering cow punchers with a pack of cards between them. It was too hot for even this mild exercise, but it served to keep their minds off the weather, and they played lazily along. At last one of them threw his cards down.

"By gravy, Bill," he exclaimed, "I can't play any more."

"What's the matter?" inquired Bill. "Too hot for you?"

"No. Tain't that, though the Lord knows it's most hot enough for anything. It's that little girl down there at old Slocum's."

"What's she got to do with the game?" asked Bill in surprise.

"Nothing much, I guess, but a good deal with me."

"How?" and Bill picked up the pack and began shuffling the cards aimlessly.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Stuck on her?" inquired Bill, with a laugh, which struck his companion as rather harsh.

"Not exactly, I guess."

"She's the prettiest thing in this valley," said Bill admiringly.

"I know it," admitted the other. "I was down there last night, and she was sweeter than ever."

"Well," impatiently, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What would you advise?"

"That depends on what kind of advice you want."

"I was thinking about marrying her."

Bill gave a long whistle and stopped shuffling the cards.

"What, marry a half breed, and you having the kind of folks you have back in the east?" he said seriously.

"I don't see how I can get out of it honorably," he reluctantly confessed.

"I've been going down there to see her for six months now, and she has been kind of expecting me to come. I didn't think much about it at first, but now blame me if I don't think about her pretty much all the time. The last four or five times I've been to see her she showed me straight that she thought a lot of me, and last night she told me everything, and said if I left her her heart would break and she would drown herself in the river. I can't stand that, you know, and besides I'd rather marry her myself than have anybody else marry her."

"She'll git old man Slocum's property when he goes over the divide," said Bill thoughtfully, "and that's worth a pile."

"Yes, but I don't care for that. It's the girl and my own honorable action in the matter."

They talked until the sun had sunk behind the mountain, and by that time it was decided that Bill would go with his friend Joe and settle the business with the girl's father, old man Slocum.

Early the next morning they set out, and before the sun had reached the hot place in the heavens they were at Slocum's.

"Where's Meg?" asked Joe, after they had passed the compliments of the morning.

"Oh, she's skipped," answered Slocum, with a laugh.

"Skipped?" gasped Joe.

"Yes. Skipped some time in the night with Pete Smiley, and she needn't 'a' done it, for Pete was agreeable to me," and he laughed again.

Joe felt something rise in his throat and drop back again like a piece of lead. Bill looked at him curiously.

"Gals will be gals," said Bill, turning to Slocum, "but what we come down here to see you about, Mr. Slocum, is cattle," and he carried it through nobly. —Detroit Free Press.

Not a Fighter.

Two old negroes, one of whom wore a Grand Army of the Republic uniform, while the other was attired in the conventional black Prince Albert coat which is ever part and parcel of the colored "pahson," met on the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets. Both were waiting for a car. The wait turned out to be a long one, and the men, though evidently strangers, began chatting pleasantly on the condition of the weather and other stock subjects.

Finally the "pahson," with a comprehensive glance over the uniform which the other wore, asked:

"Was yo' in the wab, sah?"

"Yessah; 'deed I wuz. 'Deed I'ze in de wab."

"Den yo' had a taste of de late unpleasantness?"

"Yas; oo'se I did. Fact is, pahson, I had mo' dan a taste. I done went and bit off mo' dan I ould chaw up fira."

"Did yo' run when dey commence shooting?" asked the "pahson" suspiciously.

"Dat I did, sah—dat I did—an I'd a-run befo' ef I'd knowed it wuz comin'."

"Den yo' isn't much on fightin'?" queried the expounder of the gospel.

"No, sah; I'ze not. I'll lead dat for people what ain't got nuffin else to do. Cookin is my perferashun." And just then the car came. —Kansas City Times.

Lost the Prize.

The late James Crossley, a noted bibliomaniac, hid him one memorable day to a bookstore in Shuohill market, and spying a little volume took it up and glanced carelessly through it. After awhile he asked its price from an old woman and was told it was two and sixpence.

"I'll give you sixpence for it," said Crossley. "Nay," replied the poor old dame, "it cost me 2 shillings."

Whereupon our book devourer threw it down in disgust and retired. A gentleman, overhearing the altercation, stepped forward and purchased it at the sum demanded. Crossley returned soon after, and noticing the book had gone, anxiously inquired what had become of it.

"Sold," answered the woman, "for what you refused to give."

"Tell me who bought it and I'll give him 10 shillings for it!" said Crossley eagerly. The moral is self evident. —Brohanga.